

P EOPLE are dying to get into THE MAUSOLEUM.

People are dying to get out.

Peep with me into the crypt.

Your editor was filled with foreboding as he watched the spectral figure of a young woman, her beautiful features drawn & haggard, move as if in a trance toward the ominous crypt. Was she blind? Didn't she see those revolting rats on the crypt's covering-scurrying, scratching, scrabbling?

But with glazed eyes that obscured her vision...like a hapless, helpless victim of vampirism or a reincarnation of a white zombie, she moved...as tho in the hypnotic thrall of Svengali...as if inexorably drawn by a macabre magnet, toward her...destiny.

The crypt.

And the *thing* inside the crypt.

-Then the director called "Cut!" and the spell was broken. The apparition approached your editor and invited him to lunch. And made a

didn't have to have my hair curled for my photographic session with you--the movie did it for me, with that ending with the girl going into the room with kids who never came to her birthday party, bringing cake to all their mutilated dead bodies").

a bresee conversation

Bobbie started at once to preview the plot for FM.

"My mother was a demon.

"My grandmother was a demon.

"Our family, the Nomedes, are cursed."

(Students--what does Nomed spelled backwards spell? Right! *Demon*. And having spelled it backward, you are now under its spell! Read on!)

"When I was a little girl 10 years old I was in the cemetery where the Mausoleum stands and I was impelled by an invisible force into the Mausoleum and there, without my being aware of it, a demon that had been waiting for decades

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date to come to the lair of the Ackermmonster and, there, give an exclusive interview for the readers of FM.

from the hearse's mouth

FM has been privileged to learn from the lips of the star of THE MAUSOLEUM herself, bouncy Bobbie Bresee, the plotline of this sepulchral story.

Bobbie's last name is pronounced "breezy" and her personality fits her name to a T. She bobbed up from television to the starring role in this, her first feature film, and she's a confirmed horror movie fan. What's more she doesn't wish to avoid further fright roles, doesn't fear typecasting, but on the contrary would *love* to become a Cult Queen, another Barbara Steele, a successor to Jamie Lee Curtis, a Fay Wray for the 80s.

The night before she came to visit your editor she viewed HORROR HOSPITAL ("Ooh, those sliced!") & HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME ("I

to possess another of my family, invaded me via a venomous green smoke.

"The demon lies dormant for 20 years and then, when I'm 30, I go back into the mausoleum and the demon wakes inside me. Under its influence I kill my aunt Cora."

death in large doses

My aunt is but the first to die, and in a spectacular manner surpassing anything that I think has yet been seen on the screen.

"First I levitate her over the side of a railing.

"Then, when she's suspended in midair, *her body splits open* and her insides splash out."

FM: "Wow! Lucky this film isn't in 3D--we'd all have to take our clothes to the cleaners!" Bobbie continuing:

"At the time I do away with my aunt I'm in what we call the First Stage of the demon. I'm fitted with horror teeth and am wearing a new type of contacts called seleral lenses that are hollowed out to contain some fluorescent goop



Stage 2 of Bobbie's diabolic disintegration. We dare not show you Stage 3!

that makes my eyes look phosphorescent. And bladders under my cheeks are pumping away in the latest state of the art.

4E: "My next victim is a gardner. He gets it with a hoe."

4E: "A real hoe-down?"

Bobbie: "If it was a country musical you might say that."

4E: "I said it anyway. Sorry about that. Don't tell the demon."

Bobbie: "OK, if you promise to behave."

"To continue with my story:

I bash his brains out and you see it all, right on the screen. Brains, eyeballs, everything."

Bobbie: "You're risking a *demonstration* of my powers!

"To continue:

"The delivery boy gets it next. He's mean to me so the demon inside me surfaces and rips his face off."

4E: "A real case of what the Orientals call losing face."

Bobbie: "You keep that up and you'll wind up in Forrest Lawn!

"As I was saying:

"Next in line is my husband. I can't completely describe to you the manner in which he meets his death because it's a surprise we have for the audience, something special about the demon that's never been done before. You've heard the



Scream, Bobbie. Scream! (In *THE MAUSOLEUM* no one can hear you but the Dead!)

expression 'Eat your heart out'? Well, that will give you a sort of hint-but it's not what you'd expect. I can say we used 30 to 40 gallons of 'blood' in this scene. By now I'm in the demonic stage where my head is high & balding, sort of Frankenstein-like, my eyes are concave? nonexistent-just empty sockets.

"My lips writhe.

"My eyebrows wriggle.

"My forehead looks like a fistful of worms in a sizzling skillet are squirming beneath its surface. Oh, I'm a beautiful sight!"

move over, humpty dumpty

4E: "I understand the last person you kill really falls for you in a big way."

Bobbie: "Yes, a stuntman, doubling for a shopkeeper I get mad at, jumped 180 feet into



Beauty & the Beastess! Beautiful Bobbie Bresee (left) as she is in Real Life and as she appears in Reel Life in one of the 3 stages of *Demoniac*.

an airbag. I levitate the shopkeeper and then let him fall 3 storeys and his face smashes against glass and the glass & his brains splatter all over the sidewalk."

4E: "I guess he didn't have much brains or he would have known better than to antagonize you."

Bobbie: "He wasn't the only one without much brains. If you don't watch out, Forry Ackermonger, you'll find yourself behind the levit-8 ball!"

4E: "I wish I'd said that! Say, have you ever thought of giving up your career as a movie monster and coming to work for me?"

Bobbie: "The mere thought of it gives me an Axcedrin headache!"

"Now let me tell you about one of the best parts in the picture.

"It's when I go insane in the attic.

"The doctor comes up, turns a corner and runs into dead bodies.

"There I am, going out of my mind. A toybox is slammed down on the floor. A Raggedy Ann doll in a corner levitates. But Annie doesn't live here anymore; she's got a knife in her...and the knife is bleeding.

"An old record player, covered with cobwebs, starts playing.

"Dust-coated pictures hanging in frames on the wall stand dacing.

"The doctor realizes this is a job for Max Von Sydow but since he isn't available the doctor does his best to exorcize me."

speaking frank-ly

Bobbie's husband Frank was present at the FM interview. He now spoke up.

"You remember that film, I MARRIED A MONSTER? That's me. I couldn't recognize Bobbie after the makeup artists got thru with her! Wrinkled arms! A Painted back! Fangs! It took 6 hours to transform her and some times she kept the appliances on as long as 12 hours. The crew would leave at 7 in the evening but 3 hours later she'd still be struggling to turn herself back to normal. Bobbie said she knew how Elsa Lanchester must have felt back 1935. You know, when a beautiful young woman was turned into the BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

"We both love horror films," Bobbie's husband continued, "where we feel sorry for the monster. Like King Kong. On the other hand, we couldn't feel sorry for Linda Blair-she was too scary.

"Maybe I shouldn't be praising my wife so much but I'm real proud of her, she's a real trouper. You know how afraid most women are of a little mouse. Well, Bobbie had to have rats some of the same ones from BEN and WILLARD, or maybe their sons or daughters or grandchildren-had to have them crawl all around her feet. At first she was afraid of them but she wanted realism so she thought, 'Maybe if I play with them a bit.' She petted some, let them sniff around her feet, found actually they were kind of cute."

"Kind of like muskrats," Bobbie put in. The Crown of Thorns plays an important part in the picture and in one scene rats are crawling all over it when Bobbie picks it up. "They stayed on till I shook them off," she told us, "because the inside of the crown was lined with peanut butter!"

So that's how she buttered them up! At the end of the picture Bobbie cries real tears for the monster because she felt genuinely sorry for him.

She hopes you will too.

And that, after you've seen her picture, you'll write her fan letters c/o Ye Editor, 2495 Grimbower-er, Glendower-Ave., Hollyweird, Karloffornia 90027.

NOT THE END of Bobbie Bresee.

END